

January 5, 2009
Oh Oh Nine

Welcome to the last of the double Oh years. Let's see what we can do with this one, shall we?

I am shoveling snow, just like many of you out there in this Winter Wonderland. Digging out from what winter dumps upon us all. That snow blower is looking more and more like a done deal for next winter, to me, by now. By the time we decide we absolutely have to get one, it will have to be a riding one.

I am still assembling the Ronin materials, have not forgotten. Keep those reports and updates coming in.

Body Count

So, who is the dead guy found by the side of the road on the rez? 23 years old, tribal member, no name yet. Who is he and who killed him. Was Riley Smith behind the wheel again? If it was hit and run, better check all of his vehicles for evidence--- unless he has washed it off already. I hear he is quick with the hose. Sometimes too quick.

Spring Ding-a-Ling

Apparently, Zit Puppet was the last one to know about his mother, and the Turdclan's plans to have him lose the next election. I hear he was fart broken over it. So mad he might not run at all. Being encouraged, shall we say, to not run at all.

But he has to keep his access to all the financial records. That is the only leverage he has that keeps him from being arrested on the rez. Cops, including his brothers, cousins and anyone with access to a uniform, pretty much drive him safely home after the tribe pays to tow his truck, or whatever he was driving, out of the ditch.

Not one arrest for driving drunk on the rez. Dozens of arrests off the rez, but none on it. Your badgers wear blinders? Are they \$100 bills? Or just for the love of the guy? Badgers must love him. He signs their checks, right? They get fired if they arrest him, right?

Wow, maybe that dead guy well, we'll wait and see.

Meanwhile, the next candidate of choice is Lisa Greywater. Voted "Miss Knee Pads" by Casino staff, she is floating like a Disney Hippo, thrilled to know that the

fix is in and she will have such an important job. I have a feeling she will spend more time under the desk than behind it.

So, howz about y'all starting now, to decide whom you would want to be in that job and devise a plan to actually campaign for them, and vote for them and at least make it look like an election. Who knows? You might actually get an honest person in there. Imagine how that would upset all those crooks? Especially if the honest person controlled the Tribe's money.

Worth a try? Or you just so accustomed to being a victim you don't want to be bothered spending your precious Bingo time working at something that will make a difference in your community?

It's up to you. But, if you don't try, really work at making it better, don't complain to me.

If you are going to start to get this done, the time to start is yesterday.

Liver It Up

Carl Walking Ego is probably going to need a liver transplant. He knows that he can fly to China and they will kill a political prisoner who is a match and he can have his liver in less than 48 hours. It is very expensive, not to mention a tad ugly to know that someone is being murdered so that their organs can be harvested, but none of that seems to bother Walking Ego. He is keeping his options 'open', at this time. Whatever that means.

Other organs are all rotting inside him, so not sure that a liver will be enough. Gee, and such a sweet guy!

Meanwhile, I expect one of his nieces to be selling treasure maps to his buried assets as soon as spring comes around. Perhaps, she'll throw in a shovel? Wear your bullet-proof vest.

SMC What the Future Holds

Looks like the scandal is not going away. Government doing its level best to stomp down any stories that pop up about the under weaving that went on at the SMC plant for years. But now, with the investigations by several organizations that actually do care about our soldiers, both the wounded and the dead, as well as those trying to stay alive out there, are working to find out why, our government, instead of protecting our soldiers, is protecting those who get millions to manufacture flawed kevlar.

One of the tactics is to declare that any of the protection worn by any soldier that is shot, wounded or killed, is 'national security' and needs to be destroyed. It is never to be examined.

Yeah, we would not want those who shoot at us to know that our armor is not working, now would we? Like they don't see the body count?

Think about the death of Pat Tillman. What armor was he wearing? It was 'friendly fire' that killed him, which means, standard government issue bullets. The rifle fired from so far away, they could not hear him shouting or what he was saying. These vests are supposed to stop bullets from as close as 20ft. The bullet that went through Tillman's armor was fired from almost 1/8th to 1/4 mile away. Ya think he might be alive today if the armor had done what it was supposed to do?

You bet the government is burning armor of the dead and wounded! "National Security" is another term for 'covering our corrupt asses."

The question arises: "If our government and Military cares nothing for the safety of our soldiers, and if our Government continues to throw millions of dollars contracts to the very company proven to be deliberately under weaving the kevlar; then whom does our government serve?"

And since this scandal was so quickly covered up and the magnitude of the investigation, as huge as it was, never so much as tripped the radar of main stream media, who is watching out for us?

This is but one of many examples of why we must, regardless of who is our new President Elect, find a way to come together and save ourselves.

It's a New Year. We will have a New President. We have the chance to make the changes and get it right, this time.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

January 6, 2009
Sergio Hunt

I hear that the dead man on the road was Sergio Hunt. Apparently, while partying at Theresa Cavanaugh's home, and drinking with Ted Snell and his younger brothers. Apparently, they were angry that he had taken one of the females in the herd that they felt they were entitled to.

They beat him up, stripped off his clothes and threw him outdoors, in the cold winter night. He tried to make it home, but couldn't.

Kicked out at night, not found until 10:30 AM the next day, by Cecil Longie. Apparently, badgers too lazy to patrol the rez, or who knows? They might have found him. He might have still been alive. But we all know the badgers have more important things to do. Like sniff out staplers to see who is printing out the blog.

Good work Badgers. People are so used to you doing nothing, no one even expects you to do anything.

So, who's child is next to die? Anyone think there will be an investigation on Sergio's death? That is murder you know. The Snells smells on this one. Congratulations Ted, you have graduated to the BIGS on this one. You, and your brothers, and the others, are now murderers. You join a growing number of families that rape, murder and molest and who are never investigated by the badgers.

Oh, and those young ladies that wanted nothing to do with you before you murdered Serg? They still say you stink.

Peace

"God does not pick 'sides' in war. We are never so far from God as when we choose war over understanding. When we claim that we are killing, in God's name, we deceive ourselves."

"Anything done in anger will come undone."

"Prepare for War and we shall have war. Prepare for Peace and we shall have Peace."

The Day of the Bully is coming to an end. We can clearly see now that wars are not promoted by the strong, nor by the intelligent, nor by those who care about their people. Wars are promoted by those who seek to keep the people in chaos

so that they may rule over them without accountability.

People who see violence and killing as their first and only resort when they are angry, or when they want to cover up lesser messes, are ignorant and weak. To abide this in our community is to create an ongoing fear in our children that renders them with three choices overall: 1.) To become a bully and a murderer, 2.) corrupt and/or complicit, or 3.) Victim of the violence.

Those who champion Peace are deemed by those who seek only violence and intimidation, as 'weak' or 'ignorant'.

The truth is this: Those who seek Peace are the stronger among us. It takes strength to hold back and to listen and to learn the positions of opposition. It takes strength and intelligence to work a way alternative to violence, that allows all sides to be heard.

Violence is used to silence those whose point of view is different. By silencing those voices, we stagnate our communities, and our world fails to progress. Problems continue to grow because the voices of change, the ideas of different approaches, are silenced.

We are where we are today, because we have, time after time, chosen violence and war over understanding. We have made ourselves fearful of differences and fearful of those not like us in appearance, in creed, and in beliefs.

We have failed to see what we have in common with others. We have failed to add to our existing knowledge. We have failed to energize our thinking processes, and failed to come up with new solutions to old problems. We have failed.

We have failed in our families, our communities, our nation and our world. We go to war with those whom, if we took the time to listen and to understand, we would recognize as people we have more in common with than we realize.

Those who use violence to obtain what they want are ignorant, weak and frightened.

Those who employ understanding, communication, and compassion towards others, are the wisest among us. When we choose to listen, and seek to understand rather than to overwhelm, then and only then can we move forward.

When we learn how to live in Peace with one another, we can begin the hard work of repairing, rebuilding and making this a better world for our children, and the children yet to come.

We must, despite all that is going on around us, and all our wariness, learn how to prepare for peace. It requires that we become both stronger and smarter.

Cleaning Up the Mess

The thousands of murders that take place and are never investigated in Indian Country, must stop. They stop when people find a way to come together, tell what they know, and stand up to those who rule by fear and weakness.

Tell what you know. Silence is easy. It is the coward's way. Speaking out takes courage and strength. Become stronger. Do not let the fear of the corrupt become your fear of the corrupt. If you do not buy their fear, they cannot bankrupt your spirit and they cannot control you.

The financial corruption, from the top of our Nation's Houses, from the Highest Court in the land which ripped away Civil Rights from Indian People in the 70's, cannot be allowed to stand. These are issues you can protest, you can sound off about. These are issues relevant to your life. But you are silent. Your leaders tell you to yell and beat your drums over "Fighting Sioux" nickname, a pointless endeavor, futile exercise in racist staging. But on issues that impact your daily life, your history, your future, you are silent?

You are expecting your Ancestors to rise from their graves and clean up this mess for you? You expect your babies to grow up and clean up what you have left for them of your work undone? Who then, if not you? If not now, when?

No one is perfect. Waiting for someone who is perfect before you support their efforts to make things better is a stupid excuse for not doing what you know you should be doing.

I think about how that young man died this week. Did no one call the Badgers when the fight began because they knew the badgers would do nothing? That the dispatchers would call ahead on their cell phones, and warn their friends that the cops are coming? So if the badgers were going to do anything, they would have nothing to do when they arrived at the scene?

Still think it is okay to have a police department that is too stupid, too lazy and too fearful to protect the people? Still think it is cool to have it common practice for the dispatchers to thwart police calls?

Y'all played a part in this one. Y'all played your part for a long time, making it so broken that it doesn't work and law enforcement is a joke.

Allowing our government to create corruption, support corruption in Indian Country is everyone's doing. Allowing our Supreme Court to take away the basic Civil Rights of Indians so that they cannot rectify the wrongs in their own communities, cannot seek recourse for wrongs done to them, and to do this while teaching nothing of real history to our young, condemns us, as a Nation, to more corruption, more violence and more fear.

Thousands of murders, covered up. "Rezmurs" as they used to be known, back when there were records kept of unsolved murders. Called nothing now, because no one is keeping track. No one is counting the dead. The statistics have gone cold.

Now, billions and billions of our dollars go into money laundering scams. Our economy crashes, and we still have no clue where to start looking.

It's all right there, piling up, in Indian Country. A mess we could, all of us, start to clean up together. It would change the way we view one another in this country. It would change the way we look at the untold history. It would bring down the lies that have for so long, kept us from knowing who we really are.

Wouldn't that be a good place for us to start? Cleaning up our own backyard? Giving ourselves room to heal, repair and rebuild?

The billions of our tax dollars are being stolen from us, and from the people they were intended to help, leaving us all bankrupt, desperate and divided.

The bodies are piling up. The murders, the drugs, the diseases of futility, spreading out from the rez into all of our lives.

When do you think would be a good time to start? Or to at least start demanding answers?

You know where to find me.

~Cat

January 11, 2009
Coyote Prayers

Sitting in the airport on one of my recent travel adventures I had a chance to meet a man, who, to me, epitomizes the level of ignorance in our nation, indeed, our society, towards anything Indian Country.

I was sitting in the First Class lounge because there were no other seats. I realized that the First Class Lounge has 'cushy' seats, unlike the hard seats in 'average class'. Unless the Airport Seat Marshal was going to show up and kick me out, that is where I sat.

An announcement came from the ticket counter that ONE, only ONE First Class seat was available. You could use your air miles, or pay \$50 to 'upgrade' to First Class. I found that amusing because that leg of the trip was less than 45 minutes in duration.

Then, a gentleman, beaming as if he had just won the lottery, moseyed up to the counter, huge grin showing all his teeth, bouncing on his heels just a bit, looking around to see if anyone noticed this golden beam of light he was standing in, purchased the upgrade. He promptly came over and sat next to me.

I think that because he saw me sitting in First Class, he thought I was "One of those."

"I just upgraded to First Class!" he told me as if he had just snagged the golden ticket for the Chocolate Factory. "I have never flown First Class before!" Clearly, this was going to be the greatest 45 minutes of his whole life.

"Enjoy your trip," I responded.

Then he started talking. I think he assumed that since I was sitting in those cushy seats I had the special powers of being able to appreciate the choir of angels that surround those who have 'arrived'-- to First Class.

"God told me to check my reservations," he told me, nodding and now that grin seemed perpetual. He continued. "God talks to me."

"Sounds like great conversation," I said. I too, was smiling. I was amused. He mistook that for my ability to perceive how special he was that God would talk to him. "God said that I should check my reservations and he was right! I had mistakenly made reservations for the end of January instead of December!" (Imagine that, God was right?) "And now, I'm flying First Class!"

He told me he was going to some tiny Indian Village in Alaska, to teach. Told me that he had taught at one or more of the Rezes in South Dakota. "God" wanted him to teach Indian People how to be better. "Those People", can't seem to get themselves out of poverty... typical stuff like that.

It became clear that he considered himself to be a righteous Christian man, whom God was following around like a secretary, reminding him to check his reservations.

He talked about how he had elders come into his classes to teach the children about the past. He talked about how these elders were teaching that AIM and 'Those Guys' were all "Troublemakers" and they caused a lot of grief to the people. How AIM was trying to 'stir up' the people.

Clearly, he was a special, very Godly man, on a mission to fix Indian People. To show them the error of their ways. Clearly, in all his years 'teaching' Indians, he learned nothing from them, about them, or really, about himself or the Nation.

I interrupted, as I had heard all this tripe many times before. "Have you, by chance, read 'Restless Spirit?' it's a blog about Indian Country."

He looked vague. No, he had not. But he reads his Bible everyday. I told him that it might be educational in his line of work (That of saving Indian Children from the clutches of the evil of being "Indian"?).

"Yes, AIM did stir up a lot. They thought that the thousands of Indians that were being murdered every year, and those murders never being investigated, was wrong." He was still smiling, sort of shaking his head.

Since we were both sitting in the First Class Waiting Lounge, where could he go? I continued. "And they thought that the corruption of Dickie Wilson and his GOONS, and all the tribal money going into their pockets, was wrong. I can see where people, especially teachers sponsored by the Government that is oppressing the Indian People, would want to be sure that AIM was painted in the worst possible light and applaud the elders who come into your class and teach that line."

I was a bit mystified as to why the God to whom he addresses his prayers, would be so diligent about making sure he got to the airport on the right day, but would neglect informing him about the True History of Indian People and what our Government has done and continues to do. I am amazed that the same God that helps him find his car keys, neglects to inform him of the corruption that is paying his check.

I figured that it might be a Coyote God, or that Coyote steals his prayers and runs them over to the First Class Lounge, for my entertainment.

"What's it called again?" He asked.

"Restless Spirit," I told him. "Walkingsky.com"

They called his flight. I introduced myself. "I am Cat West," I said. He shook my hand and gave his name. Beaming. I could almost hear the choir sustaining that 'harken' note. He was still bathed in that golden beam of light that tells those 'classy enough to see it' that he was "First Class Material".

I walked past him as I boarded in the 'economy' section. We nodded recognition to one another. He was clearly, a man in touch with God. Touched by God. A man on a mission.

I half-wondered how he would remain in his cocoon of ignorance when he arrived at that tiny rez in Alaska and realized the depth of despair. The alcoholism, the huffing, the addictions, the abuses, the futility and the despair.

I wondered if he would learn the stories of how these Good People had their way of life shot out from under them, literally. Their sled dogs slaughtered without warning by Federal Agents bent on destroying their ability to hunt and be self-sufficient. More than 20K dogs slaughtered in a 15-year period.

The people unable to hunt, given cheap hand out foods, and alcohol. I wonder if he will learn what really happened to these Good People and how they got this way. Or would he assume they just weren't First Class to begin with.

I wonder if he will hear the spirits of those dead dogs, running and howling in the harsh North Winds, and mistake them for Coyotes from South Dakota. I wonder if he looks at the shadows that haunt the villages, and take the children into cold hard graves, are because they don't talk to God and don't know how to make their reservations like he can?

I wonder if he is reading this blog now, and if he recognizes me as the woman he sat next to, and thought that because we were both in First Class Lounge, we thought in the same way?

He will hear those howls in the night. Could be anything: A mother crying over her dead child; a child crying over being abandoned for alcohol or addictions; 20 thousand slaughtered dogs pulling empty sleds, a way of life lost; love dying before it has a chance to live; or the laughter of coyotes that follow men who talk to God and travel from rez to rez, learning nothing.

He was a really nice guy. Just willfully ignorant and proud. Maybe God will talk to him. Show him what he is really seeing. Maybe he will learn that he is not better, superior than those whom he teaches, but rather, they are his equals, and have much to teach to him.

Maybe, when he looks into the vacant stares of children who have no childhood, he will hear, in God's Voice, the anguish of oppression and realize that he is in the middle of what the worst of us has done to the innocent in this land.

Maybe. And maybe the Coyote will continue to steal his prayers and drag them to the spirits of 10's of thousands of slaughtered sled dogs, and they can tear them apart as they frolic in the icy winds, skirting the ice flows and frozen lakes. Maybe nothing will change and we continue this dance of ignorance into Oblivion, thinking we, alone, see the light.

It's his journey. It's our journey. It is a circle. No one is ahead of anyone else. We are all just following each other.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

January 19, 2009
Of That Which Continues

I have said many times, that this blog is not my blog, but rather, it is yours. It comes from the voices from within the rez itself. The hopes and dreams as well as the struggle to arrive at Justice for those wronged and hurt, murdered and abandoned.

Our government continues the policy of enforcing the corruption at the expense of the people on the rez, is now becoming more clearly, an offense against us all. Not only do the people in Indian Country struggle against the Injustices done to them, and the Federal Government continues to ignore the cries for justice, but this is done with OUR tax dollars.

All of us, completely unaware of exactly how much money is funneled into Indian Country, simply because there has never been any accounting of any of it. Billions a month. Little if any of those dollars, reaching the people or the programs for whom and which they were ostensibly granted.

It remains the largest and the longest lived, money laundering operation, wherein those in high places profit and prosper with no oversight, no accounting, and no remorse.

So blatant is this practice that recently it came to light that the Department of Interior was openly scoring drugs, hiring hookers, and using the offices for anything they chose, little of which had anything to do with the People's business, and all of which resulted in our resources, OURS, being raided and reaped for years, illegally, but without fear.

Even now that they are caught, and they admit it, no one is in jail. No one is even fired. The thuggery of government laughing at people who are in the dark and too distracted to care, even as the homes they live in vaporize in an economic drain pull.

The resources being given away for the price of a hooker or a snoot full of cocaine, are ours. Oil companies, mining companies, timber companies, driving up the prices and their profits, while paying for the privilege with sex and drugs.

I have said many times: What goes on in Indian Country affects us all. We cannot allow any segment of our society to be abused, robbed, murdered and oppressed and think there is not a far deeper and wider problem that affects us all.

That which continues as unaccounted for theft of our dollars and our resources, continues to do so because we are not forcing both the media and our government to look at the root of this poisonous tree.

Rather, we continue to allow media to distract us and force feed us mindless consumerism. We continue to allow government to ignore the premise upon which this nation was founded; Fairness and Equality.

We continue to be driven by the ignorance of racism that weakens us, rather than growing stronger in the understanding of one another, and what we can do together.

A new President is stepping onto the scene. Things are maybe going to be very different in many ways. But if they do not alter the shape and darkness of the abuses in Indian

Country, they will remain mere mirages of hopes and dreams without the real gut wrenching work that goes into making it possible to realize them.

Faking It

We have spoken before of the fake tribe started by Stanley Crooks. Aided and abetted by Skip Longie and the Turdclan, they created the Mdewakantan Tribe, and garnered hundreds of millions of dollars for themselves. They did this the way the mafia creates 'branches' of it's organization.

The Mystic Lake Casino is their casino. They seem to, for some reason, give a million or three to the Spirit Lake Tribe, every month. No accounting necessary. They are tithing to their capos, and just making it look like a loan or a gift. But without any paperwork, it is what it is: A Payoff for the continued support of the fabrication of Crooks and the rest of the crooks, by Turdclan and Co.

The REAL Mdewakantan tribe heirs have to fight in court to prove who they are, and do it with no money. The fakes have hundreds of millions.

At one point, early on, they put out an announcement that they needed to see all the papers and documents of proof in order to know who the real Mdewakantan people were.

The real people brought forward documents that had some how survived the century and a half. They brought forward photos, and letters. They gave them, trustingly, to Crooks's lawyers.

Those documents were then, en mass, destroyed in order to be sure that none of these good people, the true people, could challenge the corruption of the frauds. It also gave the forgers of the fake documents, something to work with.

I mention this again, because of emails I received this week from those who have disgusted with their own leadership for decades, and who have been fighting this battle, and other battles, for a sliver of fairness from the Tribal Council, the Casino and the Turdclan.

Just a couple of questions: We received \$1100 in Ronin payment in 2007 which was half of the money.

Where's the other half ?... We used to receive annual checks from DLSSMC (Devil's Lake Sioux Manufacturing Corporation).

Seeing that we no longer receive anything from there, should that building be used for a boys & girls club? Something that could benefit the tribe.

*(*Note: SMC continues to manufacture armor for the troops, despite the scandal of them skimping in order to up their profits, putting the troops at risk. When caught, they managed to receive a new contract, 3x the amount which they had originally, to 'remake' the products. See? Crime does pay!)*

Also could the Fort Totten Indians Bus be used to take people to and from town

on a daily basis as there are only a handful of games a year?

*(*Note: Almost \$1 Million was spent on this luxury bus to take the basketball team to the games they were losing because they were too drunk and stoned. Luxury leather swivel seats, DVD players, all the amenities.)*

Yes the bus is great for athletes but what about people that are not athletes? Seems to me that a non-athlete would need the bus more.

I also heard that the Shakopee gave the tribe 1 million dollars one year. Where's the money? *(*Note: The Shakopee are the fake Mdewakantan tribe. The Money is given regularly. Substantially more than a one time gift of a million dollars.)*

Also we want monthly checks from the casino. "ALL" of us do. We want monthly checks, just like every other tribe gets. Can we take a vote on that? Everybody that I talk to votes for "monthly".

So, as you can see, the work ahead of us remains relatively unchanged from what it was.

We can make real change in our country. But we have to start at the heart and core of where it needs to be fixed. We must look into ourselves and open our eyes and see what rocks we have to turn over in order to rid our nation of the sickness that has been in our bellies all these many generations.

Or we can just inaugurate a new prez and leave it all to him to fix. And then we can complain that things have only gotten worse.

We have this one chance, and we may not get another, to begin the real work and not let it rest until it is done.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

January 23, 2009
History as Groundhog Day

People are looking to the Obama Administration for many things. Right at the top of my list, is to see the Justice Department clean up the stinking masses of corruption within its own ranks.

Much talk about "Looking Forward," as opposed to investigating crimes of the past. "Don't want to look like we are on a witch hunt.." that sort of thing.

However, as noble as that sounds, what it actually does is enable past corruptions and future corruptions, to continue without consequence. This in fact, is what corruption thrives on. Immunity by Neglect.

Famous saying: "Those who fail to learn from History's mistakes are doomed to repeat them."

If we do not investigate, and correct those crimes, and they were 'crimes' not just policies, not just 'mistakes', we in fact, create an atmosphere wherein no Justice for anyone, especially those mistreated by government, abused by those who wore the color of authority, we become a land where there is no justice. We make a mockery of our laws. We become either the fools who try to abide and survive within the rules, or those who prosper and thrive by simply committing crimes we know no one will ever investigate.

It is pointless to investigate future crimes if we have no consistent value of Justice.

We, the People, are patient and we wait to see Justice done. That is why we do not take the law into our own hands. We are assured that the Laws will be enforced and Justice will prevail.

But what we are seeing, at every level, and to varying degrees, from corruption to murder, is that those who have power are above the law, now and forever.

It is the realization of this, that as it becomes more prevalent, will erode not just our faith in government, but our very respect for the laws and those who are supposed to uphold those laws. We become, first, disillusioned; second, impatient; and third, we become a lawless land where no one has faith in our justice system.

The only thing stopping the father of a murdered child from seeking vigilante justice is the reassurance that the law will do the work of justice for him. It keeps us civilized in our darkest hours. It gives us hope and we remain a nation secure

in our laws, and our faith in the system.

Losing that, we could descend into a nation of vigilantism, and 'swift justice' and we will see tragedies compounded by mistakes made in the heat of that anger and grief.

We must ask ourselves the question: Are we a nation of laws? Or are we a nation ruled over by corruption and the corrupt?

Nations fall when corruption rules. History repeats itself. Again, again, again...

Dressing Wounds

We are a nation that needs healing. We cannot heal if we ignore the wounds and festering sores.

We not only must look back, investigate, re open investigations, but we are obligated, as those who wish to dwell in a true democracy, in a land ruled by laws that apply to those who live on the street equally as to those who live in the White House.

As it is now, we are a nation accumulating fraud and corruption. Crimes against Humanity do not go away. They remain until they are addressed. Every time we ignore crimes committed under the color of authority, every time we add another stinking corpse to the pile in the closet, we make the business of reclaiming our dignity as holders of the moral high ground, a steeper climb for our nation, and for our children.

We must investigate crimes. Especially crimes committed by those in positions of authority. All of the crimes. Until there is Justice, there can be no Justice.

We, as a nation, are descending into an abyss that if we do not change course, we will lose our way completely. It is possible to break things to the point they cannot be fixed again.

If we allow our government to break; If we allow our Justice Department to ignore the obligation to the people, no president, regardless of how brilliant and dedicated, can lead us out of the despair.

Under Control

The wrongs done in Indian Country continue to drive the wrongs and the corruption of this day. By ignoring Indian Issues, and Indian Country, and worst of all, by denying Indian People the same Civil Rights as every other citizen, we

have insured that these lands, where our nations greatest resources abide, is in the hands of the corrupt.

A nation's wealth rests in its resources. Since the very first concentration camp, aka "Reservation" system was implemented, it was solely so that the resources could be raided by those individuals who to this day, control the wealth of our nation.

As the Indians were starved, neglected and abused, we were all being robbed. But we did not look. We did not want to know. We still don't. It is still going on. Hundreds of billions of dollars of our wealth, every month, stolen from us, and we still do not want to look.

We don't want to look because we know what we will find: More than we can bear. We will find murders, profiteering, war crimes, and money laundering on the biggest scale in history. We will find that this is our doing. We allow it by not wanting to even begin to look.

We ignore it. We write false histories, dime novels of cowboys and Indians, and are satisfied that everything is "under control". It is "Under Control". Under the control of the corrupt. Under the control of the abusers. Under the control of the powerful who drain our resources without paying us.

They stole from the Indians so that they could steal from the nation.

And because no one wanted to look back, we fail to see that we are repeating the same cycle, over and over, bigger and bigger.

And now, with permission from the previous Administration, we violate every value that made us great in this world. WE, as a nation because it was done in our name, WE torture. We invade countries and we torture. WE do this.

And with a new Administration unable or unwilling to even look at that as a crime, not wanting to look back, I can only wonder to where this same road will lead us, as a nation.

Symbols

We as a nation, used to be defined by our valor. We were defined by our decency. We were defined as the greatest nation in the world. Our flag represented the heart and soul of a people dedicated to Justice and fair play.

Now, we are defined by our aggressiveness. We are defined by Abu Grahib, Gitmo, and a plunging global economy that is collapsing from the rot of corruption

at its core.

The world rejoiced at the new face of American Presidency, in Barack Obama. The world wants us, as a nation, to succeed. The world NEEDS for us as a nation to succeed. The world wants our nation's flag to once again fly high and proud.

And yet, with all of this, our unwillingness to look back and shine the light of truth into those dark places that are now undoing us, we remain on the precipice, peering into the void.

We must, if we are to succeed, if we are to recover, clean those old wounds, and heal them with Justice. We must restore Justice in this land.

If we fail to do this, our words, regardless of how moving, become meaningless.

No greater symbol is there that we are strong, than in our coming together to fix, repair and rebuild our nation, together.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

January 29, 2009
It's Going To Be An Odd year

The weather, I know, has been brutal in several places. The economy, or as I like to call it: "That run-a-way train wreck" is going to take a loooong time to slow and stop, much less turn around. Things do not get this bad overnight. We are seeing the culmination of years, decades of unbridled greed, crashing all around us.

And yet, in the middle of this stinking heap of failed mortgages, massive layoffs, unemployment and infrastructure that has been rusting and rotting for the past 100 years, Politicians are still playing for power, and not for the people.

Take a look at what just happened with this latest bail out bill. Republicans wanted more of the same tax breaks for the wealthy, and then, as a show of unity, probably with their Flatulent Leader, Rush Limbaugh, on his command, they stood as solid as a blank wall, against the bill.

They don't care about the people who are losing jobs, and becoming more desperate by the moment. They don't care that their previous 8 years or more of majority rule, offered nothing to prevent this; but only more of what finally brought it down, they want to continue trashing the little guy, and passing billions in additional tax breaks to the wealthiest in their districts.

Like a small, petulant robot army, despite getting what they wanted, they voted against helping people who are in desperate times. Times brought about by unbridled greed. They don't care. Rush Limbaugh doesn't care. They blame you for losing your job. They blame you for being tricked into a mortgage that was impossible to survive.

Rush is a fat man. He is a fat head. He makes up his drivel, and shouts it out, even saying he wants the president to fail, and makes comments about race. Rush gets paid for being outrageous. He is not being paid to tell the truth. He is not being paid to do anything except rile up the uneducated, exploit the racial bias, and keep our nation in an "Us against them" mentality.

The worst thing for Rush Limbaugh would be if we actually came together to pull the breaks on this train, and to rescue those it has run over, before they pull the trigger and murder their families.

If we came together, we could demand and get the one thing that will not only fix this mess, but prevent it from ever happening again. Underneath all this stench lies the one thing we all know is wrong: "Criminal Corruption". If we were to actively, altogether, demand that criminal investigations into the things we know

were done, and are illegal; and if we could see those criminals face court time and prison time, it would, almost over night, restore confidence in our country, our political system, our Justice System and ourselves.

We know there were illegal things done at every level of our government. From the very top to all those dark places where scandals are hatched like spider's eggs, and entangle every corner of government, right down to the smallest little town councils.

The politics of corruption stink to the point that many of us are wondering why no one is mentioning it. We talk of other things, around it. Like it doesn't exist. We tortured. Our country tortures. Torture does not ever yield usable information. Torture was designed for one purpose only--propaganda. From the witch trials in Europe and the US, to all the wars we know of: Torture is designed to get the victim to lie. It has no other use---ever.

We started a war on a country that was no threat to us. The Limbaughs of this world want you to be afraid, now that we have stirred that hornet's nest, that we are hated because we are the good guys. We are not the good guys. Not this time. Not until we own up and address these wrongs directly.

Every institution that was supposed to protect our economy was neutered or compromised to the point that every bank, every industry, is sinking. And we, my friends, all of us, are on that ship.

I find the rhetoric against nationalizing our banks as being 'socialist' amusing. Do any of us really know who owns our banks? Raise your hand if you do. I see ... no one. Most of our banks are owned by foreign governments. Howzat for your paranoia about socialism? Other governments that are not subject to our laws. Nationalizing our banks is the only way we will be able to get them back into OUR hands.

But the zombies who listen dead-eyed to the extreme non-sense radio shows won't tell you that. Limbaugh never raised that issue, other countries owning all but one of our banks, ever. It has been happening since the 70's. Now, we don't own any of them. But the people who get rich off of exploiting our fears, are pretty much bought and paid for by those kinds of sponsors and 'supporters'.

Yeah, whatever you do, (wave scary hands: "oooh!") Don't 'nationalize' our banks. Wouldn't want our banks to actually be OUR banks, now would we.

The greed and corruption that has its roots in Indian Country, where all the sins of murder, and all the stealing of our resources; where the rape of our pride and our decency began, is the fractal model on which all this you see around you

now, is predicated on.

You really want to fix it? You are going to have to take a deep breath and look at what is really happening and how it went wrong. You cannot fix that which you ignore. That which we ignore, continues to get worse.

This is where we are right now. Take a good long look. A man in LA and his wife, unable to cope with the collapse of all they had worked for, and seeing that our government is still being run by those who really don't care about people, just about power, figured they had no future.

That man and his wife killed their young children, and then themselves. Extreme? Yes. But this is what happens more and more as people lose complete faith in the system that is so broken. They lose faith because no one is being investigated for crimes of murder, torture, economic terror.

This was the second such mass murder because of economic desperation. I fear it will not be the last.

People lose the will to fight for themselves if they see our politicians playing political football with their desperation. They see criminals strutting down the street, and judges smiling and winking as millions, billions, get funneled into safe havens.

A lot of the greedies got caught on this one. The small greedies. Only the greediest made money on the thieving, the corruption, the murder. And they are laughing.

Turn on your Talk Radio. Listen to the ranting that makes you feel like we must fight one another in this nation. That we must now, more than ever, tear each other apart. Do you really think that the blow hard who is being paid millions to push you around like a baby in a shopping cart on the freeway; really gives a rat's behind about your life?

When I heard that Congressman call up Rush Limbaugh, and apologize to him for even suggesting that Rush Limbaugh was NOT the leader of the Republican party, I was sickened. He groveled while Limbaugh smirked, and accepted his apology.

Limbaugh doesn't care. He is an oxycontin druggie, who sees himself above the law and above any rules he demands others follow. Even with his millions, he can't keep a woman happy and they all leave him. All he has is the power to make people fight each other. And he relishes it.

We can choose to mistrust each other because of race, ethnicity, gender preference, or social status. We can continue to choose to divide and conquer ourselves. In fact, we are almost to the point of no return.

Or, we can see how important it is that we save our nation. That we pull together to pull it back together. Together, we can do anything. Together we can demand, and get, Justice. WE can tell our elected officials what to do. We voted before and we can vote again.

Rush Limbaugh only has one vote. Are you going to let him continue to be the only voice that your elected officials listen to? If they can't stand up to him, they cannot stand for you. He has a really big mouth, no scruples, and only one vote. Each of us also has ONE Vote.

I vote that our elected officials represent US, not him. What is important to us is to find a way to work together to fix these wrecks. And while we are fixing them, we are also, because we are so many and we can all work together, demanding that the criminal corruption, including the torture, the lies about the war, the firing of the USAG's who would NOT go along with the program of turning our country into a dictatorship, and investigate the Interior Dept.

We know, because it has already been reported, that major crimes, ongoing criminal activity, an atmosphere of corruption and criminal intent, pervaded all of these areas. We KNOW there were crimes committed. They have been reported. They have been proven. What good are our laws if there is no process by which remedy for our nation is applied? What about us?

As big a mess as the economy is, and the wars, government can do more than one thing at a time, so we are told. We can continue to find ways to stop the train wreck economy, stop the wars, AND investigate criminal activities.

Government has an army of attorneys, accountants, civil servants, investigators. I know a lot of those resources have been diverted into spying on our communications without warrants, but I think we can drag them away from that illegal task and give them a real (legal) mission to accomplish, don't you?

Or, do you listen to talk radio and feel like you have fight against the president, and fight against the democrats and fight against the liberals? As long as we are fighting left and rights, we are not solving wrongs or saving rights.

The blow holes of this world are paid a mountain of money by those who profit the most from our being at each other's throats. It's their job. They have to be more and more extreme and get you madder and madder. The angrier you are, the less you think. The less you think, the more you just react. The more reactive

you are, the more you do the bidding of the blowhards.

They love the power of being able to say anything, and like pulling the strings on a brainless puppet, their 'followers' jump like frogs, and disrupt, destroy whatever process is just beginning.

I have an idea. Let's try to become part of the process. Let's not care about left and right, political affiliation, sexual orientation, religion, race... let's just realize that we had better find a way to come together and stop this train.

Let's You and Him Fight

The blowhards are already rubbing their little insect hands together, in glee, knowing they can get us to fight one another and destroy any future we, any of us, might have. Their demands are simple and extreme: Give us our way. Give us all the money. Put the wages of the workers at "competitive" levels (Code for \$.35/hr. because we are 'competing' with Nicaragua and small villages in India, factories in Mexico), remove all eco restrictions so these giants can continue to pollute the air and water; no trials for torture, and give huge bonuses to the same people that crashed the economy. Oh yeah, one more thing: Bigger tax breaks for the wealthiest one-tenth of one percent of our nation. They deserve it! They earned it!

Either way, they win. Either we fight one another so hard, we cannot pursue real solutions, and cannot demand accountability, nor investigations and criminals be tried, and they continue to get away with what they have been getting away with for decades; or we give up, and give them what they want just because we are tired of their noise, and there is nothing left of any of us.

OR, we realize that we are a nation capable of any greatness. That we can, as a nation, educate ourselves into knowing and understanding more, and as a nation, put as our first priority, not the political squabbles designed to alienate us from one another; but rather the very serious business of pulling together.

The bloated blowhards do not want us to come together. However, inside each and everyone of us is the sure and certain knowledge, that if we don't, we all lose. Just as sure as we know there are crimes, decades back and ongoing, that will continue if WE do not put a stop to them.

Imagine the look on the faces of the corrupt if they woke up one fine morning, and there we all were, looking at them, seeing them for what they are. Imagine if we refused to listen to extremists on either end of the spectrum (because, trust me, they are the same), and decided that we would instead, pursue common sense and find common ground.

The blowhards would send in their Rush Limbaughs and he would crank up the nasty machine and try to incite us to fight with one another again. He would rant, foam at the mouth, and we would just stare at him, seeing him for the pathetic clown that he is.

The next trick would be to crank up the radicals on the left, the extremists there and create a fear of violence, as if only violence would be the answer. What if we all just stood together and looked at them, without doing the predictable reactionary fighting that has, up until now, kept us from being the Great Nation we could be? If only we know how great, how strong, we could be. Would we choose to tear ourselves apart again?

If you stop and think about it, we have been down this road before. We have seen it happen before. We can stop it this time. We can stop fighting, and start thinking. We can be a nation again. A nation united in the cause of saving ourselves.

Imagine the looks on their pasty, faces. Their beedy, blood-shot, piggy eyes, staring in disbelief that their anger machine is not working on us. That they cannot make us afraid of one another, will make them afraid of what we can do, and what we will find out about them. Imagine.

Imagine

If only we knew how much we could get accomplished, if we stood together, against the bloated, sickly weaklings that have been driving us apart, all this time. Would we choose to take our orders from bloated piggies such as they are, ever again? They keep us fighting each other, we cannot get near the trough and they have it all to themselves.

As long as we continue to turn on ourselves, we are vulnerable. We destroy ourselves or we are defenseless against those who would destroy us.

Aren't we all tired of being exploited by extremists on either end? Aren't we hungry for the liberties and the justice that made us a nation to begin with?

I think we know what to do. I think we can do it.

You know where to find me.

~Cat